THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, May 18, 1801.

On the Scarcity and Dearth of Proviſions, and concerning the affixing a Rate at what Price each Article ſhould be ſold; deducted from Experience in England.

IN the year 1314 (in the reign of King Edward II.) proviſions of all kinds were ſo advanced in price, that the diſtreſſes of the poor were almoſt inſupportable; upon which the Parliament interpoſed its authority, and fixed the prices of the ſeveral articles, as ſpecified in Chamberlain's Hiſtory and Survey of London.

It was enacted, by authority of the King and Parliament, that if any perſon refuſed to ſell the articles as ſpecified at the fixed prices, they ſhould be forfeited to the King. The conſequence of this affixing prices, called by the French *a maximum*, are expreſſed in the proclamation of King Edward II. in the year 1316.

"The King to the Sheriffs of London, greeting. Although we lately commanded you, that in each place in the aforeſaid city, where it ſhould ſeem to you to be the beſt expedient, ye ſhall cauſe it to be publicly proclaimed, that oxen, cows, hogs, ſheep, geeſe, capons, hens, chicken, pigeons, and eggs, ſhould be ſold at a certain price; becauſe, nevertheleſs, we have underſtood that ſuch a proclamation, which at that time we believed would be for the profit of the people of our realm, redounds to their greater damage than profit, we command you that, in the ſaid ſeveral places, ye cauſe publicly to be proclaimed, that oxen, cows, hogs, ſheep, geeſe, capons, hens, chicken, pigeons, and eggs, to be ſold for a reaſonable price, as was accuſtomed to be done before the ſaid former proclamation, certifying all and ſingular that the former proclamation was not made by virtue of the ordinances late made by the Prelates, Earls, and Barons, and

Nobles of the ſame realm, and by us accepted, nor was we contained in them. Witneſs myſelf at Lincoln, the 20th of February, in the ninth year of our reign."

N. B. The hiſtory of the moſt grievous æra is a leſſon to all future generations, to conſider whether there exiſts a real ſcarcity of proviſion, or an artificial dearth. If it be the firſt of the two maladies (real ſcarcity of proviſion), then an arbitrary reduction of price may tend to cauſe ſo great a conſumption thereof as to effect, in a future time, an actual famine, as was the ſaid lamentable æra in the reign of King Edward II. as before noted. The ſcarcity was real and very ſerious in the year 1314, ſtill increaſing in the years 1315, 1316, and 1317, until the harveſt in the year 1317, when the Almighty was pleaſed to give a plenty, to the ſatisfaction of the people of Great-Britain. That famine was ſo grievous that there was no corn in Great-Britain. Hiſtorians relate, that the perſons who ſurvived the ſaid famine were ſcarce ſufficient to bury the dead.

Thoſe who are opulent ſhould be charitable, and in their own families ſparing of proviſions, that the utmoſt may be for the poor.

ANECDOTE *of* ADMIRAL SIR T. HOBSON.

THIS extraordinary man was born at Bonchurch, in the Iſle of Wight. He was left an orphan at a very early age, and apprenticed by the pariſh to a tailor, a ſpecies of employment ill ſuited to his enterpriſing ſpirit. As he was one day ſitting alone on the ſhopboard, caſting his eyes towards the ſea, he was ſtruck with the appearance of a ſquadron of men of war coming round Dunnoſe; and, following the firſt impulſe of his fancy, he quitted his work, and ran down to the beach, when he caſt off the painter from the firſt boat he ſaw, jumped on board, and plied the oars ſo well, that he quickly reached the Admiral's ſhip, where he entered as a volunteer, turned the boat adrift, and bade adieu to his native place. Early the next morning the Admiral fell in with a French ſquadron, and in a few hours a warm action commenced, which was fought on both ſides with equal bravery. During this time Hobſon obeyed his orders with great cheerfulneſs and alacrity; but after fighting two hours, he became impatient, and enquired of the ſailors what was the object for which they were contending? On being told the action muſt continue 'till the white rag at the enemy's maſt-head was ſtruck, he exclaimed, "Oh, if that's all, I'll ſee what I can do." At this moment the ſhips were engaged yard-arm and yard-arm, and obſcured in the ſmoke of the guns. Our young hero took advantage of this circumſtance, determined either to haul down the enemy's colours, or periſh in the

the attempt. He accordingly mounted the ſhrouds unperceived, walked the horſe of the main-yard, gained that of the French Admiral, and aſcending with great agility to the main-top-maſt head, ſtruck and carried off the French flag, with which he returned; and at the moment he gained his own ſhip, the Britiſh tars ſhouted "Victory," without any other cauſe than that the enemy's flag had diſappeared. The crew of the French ſhip being thrown into confuſion, in conſequence of the loſs of their colours, ran from their guns; and while the Admiral and officers, equally ſurpriſed at the event, were endeavouring to rally them, the Britiſh tars ſeized the opportunity, boarded the veſſel, and took her. Hobſon, at this juncture, deſcended the ſhrouds with the French Admiral's flag wound round his arm, and diſplayed it triumphantly to the ſailors on the main-deck, who received the prize with equal rapture and aſtoniſhment.

This heroic action being mentioned on the quarter-deck, Hobſon was ordered to attend there; and the officers, far from giving him credit for his gallantry, gratified their envy by browbeating him, and threatening him with puniſhment for his audacity; but the Admiral, on hearing of the exploit, obſerved a very oppoſite conduct. "My lad (ſaid he to Hobſon), I believe you to be a very brave young man; from this day I order you to walk the quarter-deck; and, according to your future conduct, you ſhall obtain my patronage and protection." Hobſon ſoon convinced his patron, that the countenance ſhewn him was not miſplaced. He went rapidly and ſatisfactorily through the ſeveral ranks of the ſervice, until he became an Admiral.

Subſtance of the moſt intereſting Parts of the Travels of C. F. Damberger, a German, through the interior Parts of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope to Morocco, between the Years 1781 *and* 1797.

[Continued from Page 331.]

OUR traveller deſcribes the Seegerines as poor and lazy, who live almoſt entirely by hunting. He ſays "They were formerly a powerful nation, and poſſeſſed a vaſt empire; but in conſequence of the numerous wars in which they were engaged with their neighbours, they loſt by far the greateſt part of their poſſeſſions. Ther territory is at preſent about two days journey in length, and half a day's journey in breadth; the population of the country exceeds not eight thouſand inhabitants, and they live in miſerable huts, each compoſed of four poles or ſtakes, and covered with reed graſs. The villages in general conſiſt of ten or twelve huts. The colour of the Seegerines is of a reddiſh caſt, ſomewhat tinctured with brown.

They are ſmall in ſize, and wear no other dreſs than a ſmall apron: their hair is ſhort and curled, and they have flat noſes. They enjoy the reputation of being good marksmen, and bear an excellent character for hoſpitality, but are juſtly cenſured for the vicious habit, which is ſanctioned by the laws, of robbing well dreſſed ſtrangers of their cloaths. This nation has no king, but is governed by a chief, called Koojamah. They procure their ſalt from a mountain, ſituated to the weſtward, and exchange part of it for the produce of neighbouring diſtricts. The priſoners whom they take, eſpecially from the Malamans, with whom they are frequently at war, are exchanged for other commodities, and at laſt fall into the hands of the ſlave merchants on the coaſt of Congo.

"On my arrival in the village of the Seegerines, they aſſembled around me, and conducted me to the chief. By him I was refreſhed with water, mixed with the juice of plumbs, and bade to ſit down. Unacquainted with their language, I endeavoured to expreſs by ſigns from whence I came, and whither I was going. On my pointing to the region, towards which I intended to travel, they made a variety of geſtures, from which I had reaſon to infer, that they wiſhed to diſſuade me from proceeding thither.

"The next day I collected what information I was able to obtain as to the neighbouring country, and in the afternoon went on a hunting party, in company with four men of the village. The firſt game they ſaw was a tyger, which they reſolved immediately to purſue, laughing at the fear which I expreſſed on this occaſion. They actually ſucceeded in killing the tyger, without receiving the leaſt injury themſelves. While two men were throwing javelins at him, the next ſtood by them, holding in their right hand a ſpear, and in their left a piece of buffalo or elephant's hide, that they might be able to defend themſelves, in caſe that the tyger ſhould not be mortally wounded and attack them. This was here really the caſe; he tried to ſeize the foremoſt by the throat, but this man, undiſmayed by the rage of the ferocious animal, thruſt his hand, wrapped up in leather, into his throat, and thus prevented him from biting; he at the ſame time pierced him with the ſpear he held in his right hand, and the tyger was ſoon killed by the other three.

"On the 15th of December I purſued my journey through a valley, where I found a ſpring of water, of a yellowiſh colour and acrid taſte. I paſſed by three villages, but ſtopped in the fourth, called Aimahto, where I reſted an hour under a fine matahora-tree,* and was cloſely viewed by the inhabitants. One of

* The leaves are narrow yet long, the branches bent downwards, and the bloſſoms of a red caſt. The fruit is of the ſize of a large pea, round, and yields flour of a fine flavour; of this they make cakes, which are not inferior in taſte to our beſt biſcuits.

of them preſented me with a piece of wolf's fleſh, which I loathed at firſt, but having tried it at laſt, for want of other food, I muſt confeſs that it taſted better than buffalo fleſh. Six miles from this village I met, in the proſecution of my journey, in a ſmall wood, with an immenſe number of turtles, which tempted my appetite. I reſolved accordingly to ſtop there for the night, kindled a fire, and prepared an excellent ſupper of a roaſted turtle; but ate ſo much that I did not ſleep till towards morning. I had ſcarcely reſted an hour, when feeling ſomething move at my feet, I ſtarted, and ſaw a ſnake, three ells in length, and a foot thick, which devoured the remains of my meat. Struck with terror and diſmay, I ſprung up and ran to a conſiderable diſtance. When I recovered the uſe of my ſenſes, I miſſed my calabaſh, and was of courſe obliged to return: I found it at the place where I had ſlept, but the ſnake had diſappeared. On quitting the wood, I entered a fine plain, in which the village of Ogtih is ſituated, conſiſting of about thirty huts. Unwilling to ſtop in this village, I was walking ſtraight through it, without aſking for proviſion; but one of the inhabitants gave me a tortoiſe-ſhell with water and the juice of plumbs, which I emptied, and went on without being in the leaſt detained. I then came again to a ſmall dale, waſhed by a ſmall river, whoſe water was not drinkable; yet it ſupplied me with ſome fine muſcles, of which I made a comfortable meal, and reached in the evening a chain of rocky mountains, which formed the boundary of the country, and where I paſſed the night.

"Early in the morning I heard the ſound of human voices, and ſoon ſaw about twenty armed men, who eſcorted a troop of priſoners, coupled together two and two. One of the former ſeized, and conducted me to the commander of the eſcort, who, after ſome conſideration, tied my hands with a ſtrap, and bid me follow him. Until noon our road lay over mountains; the armed men were rough and noiſy, but the priſoners appeared mournful and dejected. At noon we reached the large village of Euojaha, where we halted and received water. This was the firſt village in the province of Porguhoma, called Oſila, in the maps. Our guard belonged to this nation, and lived ſome miles farther northwards. The province of Porguhoma is about four days journey from the province of Congo; it poſſeſſes a fruitful ſoil, and ſupplies the inhabitants with a variety of productions in great abundance. They are a warlike nation, and defend their poſſeſſion with great ſpirit. Some told me that the nation was able to ſend from eighteen to twenty thouſand men into the field; but this, I think, is a palpable exaggeration, for the country is but thinly peopled. In former times this country was ſubjected to the Kings of Bengula, who drew from it their beſt and moſt valiant ſoldiers, but frequently requited their ſervice with ingratitude and wanton cruelty.

"King

" King Khiguan having rendered himself guilty of a similar conduct, the nation raised, in the year 1776, the standard of revolt, put the King to death, and rendered itself nearly independent. Although the son of the murdered King was placed on the throne, yet he is bound to act with and by the advice of the elders, who form his privy council. This nation has many customs in common with the neighbouring tribes; but some are also found here, which are peculiar to their country.

" Upon the whole, I am much pleased with the mode of education which prevails in this province. A child, as soon as it can talk, enjoys the instruction of its grandfather, or, if he be dead, of its father, who acquaints it with such plants and fruit as are fit for food, and points out those which are noxious and pernicious to health. It is also taught to weave mats of reed-grass; and, as it grows older, to assist in a variety of household-work; the boys, in particular, are made to apply themselves to hunting, and thereby acquire agility and courage. He who kills an elephant is no longer classed among boys but men.

" Though all strangers, not engaged in any branch of traffic with the nation, are considered as slaves; yet they are treated with great kindness, and not sold; for they detest the slave-trade, and make it their business by main force to wrest from other nations such slaves as are destined for sale. Prisoners of war experience also a kind treatment, and if they wish it, are incorporated with the nation.

" I was at length carried into the village of Soltaho, the place of residence of the nominal King, and delivered to that petty sovereign with many ceremonies. He received me kindly, and ordered my hands to be untied, to be regaled with a piece of elephant flesh roasted, and conducted me into a small hut. The rest of the prisoners were also distributed, and met all of them with a kind reception.

" Unacquainted with the language of the country, I was not able to learn what would be my future fate, yet felt no uneasiness on this point, as I enjoyed a preference to the rest of the prisoners. While the latter were obliged to work in the field, to cut wood and the like, I was employed in fetching, cleaning, drying, and bruising mutahoro."

(To be continued.)

MEMOIRS *of the* KING *of* SARDINIA.

CHARLES EMMANUEL, King of Sardinia, was born in Turin, the metropolis of his continental dominions, on the 24th of May, 1751. Before proceeding to a statement of the public and domestic life of this virtuous and unhappy monarch, we think it proper to indulge our readers with a short notice of

the long line of his royal anceſtors, ſo juſtly celebrated for their ſenſibility, prudence, courage, and piety. This notice will be ſo much the more intereſting, as no hiſtorian as yet has ſet in due light the viciſſitudes, and the political exertions of the paſt Sovereigns of this illuſtrious houſe.

A thouſand years of gradual increaſe in greatneſs; upwards of twenty perſons from father to ſon, conſtantly following the ſame plan of aggrandizement in the ſame way; all theſe Princes endowed nearly with the ſame mind and character—this is a phænomenon which no other houſe or dynaſty can repreſent, either in ancient or in modern times.

The royal houſe of Sardinia, known in the hiſtory of the three laſt centuries, under the name of Dukes of Savoy, and in the middle ages under thoſe of Counts of Savoy and of Maurienne, deſcends from the celebrated Saxon Princes, who cut out ſo much work for Charlemagne, before conquered; and next from the ſubſequent Emperors of the ſame Saxon dynaſty, who held the German empire after the poſterity of that brave conqueror. The genealogiſts ſtate that Otho III. the laſt Emperor of the houſe of Saxony, left two ſons; the elder of whom, Frederick, continued the ſucceſſion of the Saxon line in Germany; and the younger, Berold, or Bethold, founded the houſe of Savoy in Italy.

1. Bethold, having done the Emperor Otho ſignal ſervice, in his capacity of Vicegerent of the Empire, was appointed Count of Maurienne, about the year 1000.

2. His ſon, Humbert *(aux blanches mains)* having likewiſe been Vicegerent of the Empire, about the year 1040, enlarged his eſtates by the acquiſition of the Valais and Chablais.

3. The poſthumous ſon of Humbert, named Otho, acquired ſome more countries in Savoy, and the county of Suza by marrying the heir of the laſt count.

4. Amadeus II. about the year 1070, availing himſelf of the diſtreſſes into which the Emperor Henry IV. had fallen through the perſecutions of Pope Gregory VII. did not open him the paſſages of the Alps, until he obtained from him the county of Bugey.

5. Humbert II. his ſon and ſucceſſor, increaſed his eſtate by the acquiſition of Tarentaſia.

6. Amadeus III. about the year 1108, completed the conqueſt of Savoy, and he was the firſt to bear the title of Count of Savoy.

7. Thomas, his grandſon and ſucceſſor, conquered Piedmont about the year 1230.

8. Amadeus IV. about the year 1260, conquered the Geneveſe, the Breſvans, and the Vienneſe.

9. Amadeus VIII. about the year 1420, received from the Emperor Sigiſmond the title of Duke of Savoy, and Prince of Piedmont;

Piedmont; and having married Mary Viſconti, of the Milaneſe dynaſty, he had in dowry the city of Vercelli, with the territory belonging to it.

10. Charles, named the Warrior, about the year 1488, upon marrying Blanche de Montferrat, made for his ſon the important acquiſition of the marquiſade of that name.

11. Phillbert II. acquired from Francis I. of France the county of Nizza and Villafranca.

12. Emmanuel Philibert, his grandſon, was one of the greateſt Generals of his age. He commanded the Imperial army of Charles V. at the ſiege of Metz, and that of Philip II. at the battle of S. Quentin. The greateſt of his acquiſitions was the county of Aſti, which he received from Charles V. The beſt hiſtorians compute that he raiſed the income of his dominions from 200 to 600 thouſand ducats.

13. Emmanuel I. juſtly called the Great, about the year 1590 attempted to make himſelf Count of Provence. Philip II. of Spain, his father in law ſupported him, and he had been acknowledged as Count by the parliament of Aix. This Prince is the true founder of the greatneſs of his houſe; for, having ſucceeded in exchanging with Henry IV. of France, the counties of Breſſe and Bugei for the marquiſate of Salluzzo, he became the abſolute guardian of the Alps, and the diſpoſer of the paſſages through them. This is the ultimate cauſe of the influence of his ſucceſſors over the politics of Europe, and of the important acquiſitions they afterwards made in Italy.

14. and 15. Francis Hyacinthe, and Charles Emmanuel II. conquered many territories upon the maritime Alps, and in the weſtern coaſt of the republic of Genoa; the chief of which were the principalities of Saorgio, Oneglia and Loano.

16. Victor Amadeus II. (the firſt crowned head in the family) was a warlike Prince. He completed the expulſion of the Waldeſe from the vallies of Luzerne and Angrone, and he attempted ſome conqueſts in Dauphiné and Provence. By the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, he had become King of Sicily; but ſome few years after he reſigned it in favour of the Emperor Charles IV. who gave him the kingdom of Sardinia in exchange.

17. Charles Emmanuel III. was, perhaps, the greateſt of the Piedmonteſe Princes, and Monarch of his age, next to the King of Pruſſia. He availed himſelf, as well, at leaſt, as any of his predeceſſors, of the political occurrences of Europe to enlarge his dominions. Having acceded to the coalition of France and Spain, againſt the houſe of Auſtria, in the year 1733, he obtained, by the ſubſequent treaty of peace, the provinces of Novara and Tortona, and ſome other fiefs in the Milaneſe; and at the end of the next war, in 1742, in which he had eſpouſed the cauſe of the

houſe of Auſtria, he gained alſo the province of Alexandria, and ſome part of the Vigevaneſque and the Paveſan.

18. His late Sardinian Majeſty followed the ſame ſyſtem as his predeceſſors, and, had fortune favoured the firſt exertions of the royal confederacy againſt the French anarchy, he would undoubtedly have received before his death a large indemnification for his exertions in behalf of religion. He would have far extended his dominions on this ſide of the Alps! This expectation of future acquiſitions is now tranſmitted to his preſent Majeſty.

Every curious reader will, we think, be ſurpriſed to conſider from the foregoing catalogue of acquiſitions, by what means the enormous diſtance which ſeparates a Count of Maurienne from a King of Sardinia, has been gradually and ſyſtematically overcome, during the courſe of nearly ten centuries! His ſurpriſe will, however, ſtill increaſe, when he reflects that theſe Princes (and others of the ſame line whom it was unneceſſary to mention) have all of them been of the ſame character, and all of them remarkable for piety and prudence. The genealogical tables of this illuſtrious houſe exhibit a lineal deſcent of ſeven Counts of Maurienne; next to them, of ſixteen Counts of Savoy; afterwards of twenty-ſix Dukes of the ſame title; and laſtly, of four Kings of Sardinia, none of whom have ever been a diſgrace to his dignity, or a ſcourge to his ſubjects. The detailed deſcription of the characters of the two firſt Kings of Sardinia, with which we ſhall gratify the public, may be almoſt literary applicable to any of the Princes of their houſe.

Victor Amadeus was an able politician and courageous warriour. He himſelf led his armies, and expoſed himſelf like a common ſoldier. He was acknowledged as the greateſt General of his age, in that kind of warfare which the French juſtly call *la guerre de chicane*, and which is carried on in unequal and mountainous countries, like the Piedmonteſe dominions. He gave a ſignal proof of his courage when he ſet at defiance the encroaching power of Lewis XIV. and twice invaded the provinces of Dauphiné and Provence, where his military abilities very often counterbalanced thoſe of the veteran French General Catinat. Nothing could better prove how this Monarch was beloved by all his ſubjects, than an example of an obſcure Piedmonteſe, who generouſly ſacrificed his life in the ſervice of his Sovereign. The name of this hero has, till lately, been moſt ungratefully concealed, when one of the beſt Italian living writers has celebrated him according to his deſerts. His name was Peter Micco, and he was a cannoneer. The Duke de La Feuillade, the French General, had beſieged Turin ſo very cloſely, that it would unavoidably have ſurrendered in a few days. The ſole reſource left to the King was the uſe of ſome ſubterraneous mines to deſtroy, or at leaſt to overthrow, the French camp. The cannoneer Micco was charged with theſe preparations. He had

already completed his works, and was actually applying the matches for the purpose of lighting them, when he should get out of the mines. Whilst he was preparing to go out, he was warned by his comrades that the French, having received some hints of the intended explosion, were rapidly digging the ground for the purpose of averting it, and he perceived himself, by the noise over his head, and the falling of some earth and stones, that if the matches were not soon lighted, the enemy might destroy the mines. 'Well, my friends, (exclaimed the hero,) run away, recommend to the King my poor wife and children, let me remain.' This said, he instantly lighted the matches, and, burying himself under the mines, he overthrew the French camp, and preserved Turin. Victor Amadeus was likewise active, vigilant, and prudent, in his internal administration. To him the Piedmontese dominions stand indebted for many establishments which were utterly unprecedented in history, and which, in some instances, are quite singular even to this day. He humbled the Jesuits, by taking off from their colleges the publick schools for the education of youth; he established the famous Royal Academy for the foreign nobility and princes, he ordered an accurate agrarian map to be made of all the land-proprietors and productions of his dominions; and he built the famous warehouses for the annona of his estates, of which the French economist Melon spoke as of a singular economical establishment. The only blemish which an attentive critic may find in the administration of this Monarch is, perhaps, the innovation which, whilst he possessed Sicily, he attempted to make upon the famous legation *a latere* in that monarchy.—This inconsiderate step exposed him to the mortification of beholding his kingdom obnoxious to an ecclesiastical interdict from Pope Clement XI.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Murphy's Account of the first Appearance of Mr. Garrick on the Theatres of Ipswich and London.

THE stage, at that period, was in a low condition. Macklin had played Shylock with applause, and Quin was, beyond all doubt, a most excellent performer. Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Woffington shone in genteel comedy, and Mrs. Clive made the province of humour entirely her own. She deserved to be called the Comic Muse. And yet the drama was sunk to the lowest ebb: in tragedy, declamation roared in a most unnatural strain; rant was passion; whining was grief; vociferation was terror, and drawling accents were the voice of love. Comedy was reduced to farce and buffoonery. Garrick saw that nature was banished from the theatre, but he flattered himself that he should be able to revive a better taste, and succeed by the truth of imitation. He was, in consequence, now resolved to launch into

into the theatrical world, and, accordingly, in the beginning of 1740, he diſſolved partnerſhip with his brother, Peter Garrick. He paſſed the remainder of the year in preparation for his great deſign; he ſtudied the beſt characters of Shakeſpeare and of our comic writers with all his attention; but, at laſt, he was frightened by the difficulties that ſtood in his way. A new ſchool of acting was to be eſtabliſhed, and the attempt, he was aware, would be called innovation. He ſhrunk back, not being ſure of his own power; but the impulſe of nature was not to be reſiſted. His genius drove him on. His friend, Mr. Gifford, was the manager of the theatre in Goodman's Fields. Garrick conſulted him, and, by his advice, determined to make an experiment of himſelf at a country theatre. The ſcheme was ſettled, and they both ſet out for the city of Ipſwich, where, in the ſummer of 1741, there was a regular company of comedians. Garrick's diffidence was ſtill ſo great, that he aſſumed the name of Lyddal; and, that he might remain unknown, he choſe, for his firſt appearance, the character of Aboan, in the tragedy of Oronooko. In that diſguiſe he paſſed the *rubicon;* but his reception was ſuch, that, in a few days, he ventured to throw off his black complexion, and ſhew himſelf in the part of Chamont, in the Orphan. The applauſe he met with, encouraged him to diſplay his powers in comedy. The inhabitants of Ipſwich were not the only attendants at the theatre; the gentlemen, all round the country, went in crowds to ſee the new performer. Ipſwich has reaſon to be proud of the taſte and judgment, with which they gave the warmeſt encouragement to a promiſing genius. The people of that city were the firſt patrons of a young actor, who, in a ſhort time, became the brilliant ornament of the Engliſh ſtage.

Garrick, from that time, ſpoke on all occaſions of the encouragement he received at Ipſwich, with pride and gratitude. He uſed to ſay, that, if he had failed there, it was his fixed reſolution to think no more of the ſtage; but the applauſe he met with inſpired him with confidence. He returned to town before the end of the ſummer, reſolved in the courſe of the following winter to preſent himſelf before a London audience. To gain this point, he concerted all his meaſures; but the road before him was by no means open. It was neceſſary to procure a ſtation at one of the theatres. For that purpoſe, he offered his ſervice to Fleetwood, and after him to Rich. The two managers conſidered him as a mere ſtrolling actor, a vain pretender to the art, and rejected him with diſdain. They had reaſon, however, in the following ſeaſon, to repent of their conduct. Garrick applied to his friend Giffard, the manager of Goodman's Fields, and agreed to act under his management, at a ſalary of five pounds a week. Having gained confidence in his powers from the encouragement he received at Ipſwich, he reſolved to think

no more of ſubordinate characters, but to ſtrike a bold ſtroke, and ſet out at the very head of the profeſſion. The part he choſe was Richard III. a great and arduous undertaking. He had ſtudied the character, and his feelings told him, that he ſhould be able to acquit himſelf with reputation. Old Cibber had long before prepared the play, with conſiderable alterations, and the new matter introduced by him was, with great judgment, ſelected from Shakeſpeare himſelf. He acted Richard with great applauſe, and he tells us, he made Sandford his model. He adds, that Sir John Vanbrugh told him, that "he never knew an actor profit ſo much by another: you have the very look of Sandford, his geſture, gait, ſpeech, and every motion of him; and you have borrowed them all to ſerve you in that character." But this borrowing ſo exactly and minutely from a contemporary actor does not convey the idea of a great tragedian. In fact, Cibber was a moſt excellent comedian, but by no means qualified for the great emotions of the tragic muſe. His voice was feeble, ſwelling frequently to a drawling tone, and altogether ill-ſuited to the force and energy of Richard. Garrick ſcorned to lacky after any actor whatever; he depended on his own genius, and was completely an original performer. All was his own creation; he might truly ſay, "I am myſelf alone!" His firſt appearance on the London ſtage, was at Goodman's Fields, on the 19th of October, 1741. The moment he entered the ſcene, the character he aſſumed was viſible in his countenance; the power of his imagination was ſuch, that he transformed himſelf into the very man; the paſſions roſe in rapid ſucceſſion, and, before he uttered a word, were legible in every feature of that various face. His look, his voice, his attitude, changed with every ſentiment. To deſcribe him in the vaſt variety that occurs in Richard, would draw us into too much length. The rage and rapidity, with which he ſpoke,

"The north!—what do they in the north,
"When they ſhould ſerve their ſovereign in the weſt?"

made a moſt aſtoniſhing impreſſion on the audience. His ſoliloquy in the tent-ſcene diſcovered the inward man. Every thing he deſcribed was almoſt reality; the ſpectator thought he heard the hum of either army from camp to camp, and ſteed threatening ſteed. When he ſtarted from his dream, he was a ſpectacle of horror: he called out in a manly tone,

"Give me another horſe;"

he paſed, and, with a countenance of diſmay, advanced, crying out in a tone of diſtreſs,

"Bind up my wounds;"

and

and then, falling on his knees, ſaid in the moſt piteous accent,

" Have mercy Heaven;"

In all this, the audience ſaw an exact imitation of nature. His friend Hogarth has left a moſt excellent picture of Garrick in this ſcene. He was then on the eve of a battle, and, in ſpite of all the terrors of conſcience, his courage mounted to a blaze. When in Boſworth field, he roared out,

" A horſe! a horſe! my kingdom for a horſe!"

All was rage, fury, and almoſt reality. To be convinced of this, the reader needs only to ſee a moſt admirable picture of him by Mr. Dance, whoſe pencil has given immortal fame to Garrick, and has done equal honour to himſelf. It is no wonder that an actor thus accompliſhed, made, on the very firſt night, a deep impreſſion on the audience. His fame ran through the metropolis. The public went in crowds to ſee a young performer, who came forth at once a complete maſter of his art. From the polite ends of Weſtminſter the moſt elegant company flocked to Goodman's Fields, inſomuch that from Temple Bar the whole way was covered with a ſtring of coaches. The great Mr. Pope was drawn from his retreat at Twickenham, and we are aſſured Lord Orrery was ſo ſtruck with the performance, that he ſaid, " I am afraid the young man will be ſpoiled, for he will have no competitor."

Hiſtorical Particulars relative to the Linen Manufacture.

THE manufacture of linen and hempen cloth is of great antiquity in the weſt of Aſia, in the north of Africa, and in Europe, By the moſt antient records which we poſſeſs, it appears to have been firſt made on the banks of the Euphrates and the Nile. It became common in Weſtern Syria, and was one of thoſe branches of induſtry from which the inhabitants of Sidon and Tyre derived their wealth. It was imitated in Greece, and its coarſer ſpecies became known in the northern parts of both Europe and Aſia. It was introduced by the Carthaginians and Greeks into Spain and Gaul. The uſe of it was taught by the Romans to the other people in Europe, whom their arms ſubdued. In the declining ages of the Roman empire, the manufacture of linen was confined, almoſt excluſively, to eſtabliſhments in the countries on the Mediterranean Sea. When the uſeful arts began to revive and attract notice, after their ruin by the invaſion of barbariſm in the dark ages; the manufacture of linen cloth was found to ſubſiſt only in Italy, and the eaſtern ſhores of the Mediterranean ſea; that of cloth prevailed, to a certain degree,

gree, even then, in the maritime countries in the north of the European Continent. It was, in time, imitated in the low countries of Germany, and in France. Depending for its raw materials upon agriculture, it was much leſs early than the manufacture of woollens introduced as a great branch of Engliſh induſtry. Germany, Flanders, France, the Dutch United Provinces, and the countries on the Baltic, long ſupplied a very large proportion of the linens of different ſorts, conſumed in Britain: and, indeed, they do ſo ſtill. Crops ſo impoveriſhing to the ſoil as flax and hemp, are not for a country like this, which has its land rather of a light thin ſoil, than of a deep clayey one—and naturally prefers wheat to any produce that goes merely for cloathing. But *cæteris paribus*, it is perfectly natural that the manufacture ſhould chiefly flouriſh where the raw material is in the greateſt plenty.

When Ireland was ſettled, in a pacific ſtate after the reſtoration of Charles the Second, the culture of flax, and the manufacture of linen, were introduced into that iſle, as branches of induſtry which the Iriſh might cultivate, without competition with the ſtaple manufacture of England. It was deſired at once to turn the Iriſh from the woollen manufacture, and to engage them to out-rival the ſtaple commodity of the Flemings and the Dutch. The deſign was unſucceſsful.—Under the favour of parliamentary grants the linen manufacture was quickly flouriſhing in Ireland.—Iriſh linen was largely exported to Britain, to Spain, and to the European colonies in America. At the æra of the acceſſion of the houſe of Hanover, the Iriſh weavers were a numerous body; and the linen manufacture brought large ſums of money into that country. In the middle of the laſt century it became a great ſtaple branch of induſtry. The manufacturers and weavers improved in ſkill; and the cloth which they produced, though ſlight in texture, began to be preferred to that of Holland. Of late this manufacture has ſtill advanced in that iſle. Improvements in bleaching have contributed to diminiſh the expence of bringing it to market. It has, in a great meaſure, ſupplanted the uſe of the fine linens of Flanders and Holland. It is from Ireland, principally, that linen is ſupplied for the conſumption of England, and of the Britiſh armies, fleets and colonies.

Ever ſince the revolution, earneſt endeavours have been uſed to fix the ſame manufacture as a ſtaple branch of induſtry in Scotland. Theſe, however, were crowned with no remarkable ſucceſs, till after the laſt Scottiſh rebellion. The board of truſtees, chiefly by the advice of the late Lord Kaimes, made, ſoon after that æra, ſome judicious and laudable efforts, for the extenſion of the linen manufacture, which were conſiderably beneficial. Plain linen and lawn were, at Glaſgow and Paiſley, now made in great quantities. At Perth and Dundee too, the manufacture of linen was with ſucceſs extended. The ſpinning of

linen yarn was propoſed as a beneficial employment to the poor and idle women of the Highlands. A coarſe linen, named harn, began to be, in conſiderable quantities, made in Ayrſhire and Galloway. And beautiful cloths for table linen were ſucceſsfully prepared by manufacturers at Edinburgh, and in its vicinity. Bleach fields of great extent were, by the care of the truſtees, eſtabliſhed in different parts of the country.—The Scots learned to make a great part of the linen wanted for their home conſumption, and to furniſh alſo quantities for exportation. The linen manufacture of Scotland had made this progreſs before the year 1770. It has, ſince, advanced to greater proſperity. Of late, however, it ſeems to have been, in too great a degree, ſuperſeded by the manufacture of cottons.

England, too, poſſeſſes different manufactures of canvas, ropes, thread, linen, &c. having flax and hemp for their raw materials. But its ſupplies, whether to be conſumed at home or to be exported, come from Scotland, from Ireland, from Flanders, France, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Ruſſia. Our conſumption, with our exports to the Eaſt and Weſt Indies, are thus furniſhed. Our finer linen fabrics are chiefly from France and Flanders; we have our coarſer ones from Ruſſia and Germany; Ireland and Scotland give thoſe of middle fineneſs, and of the moſt common uſe in dreſs.

THE DISTRESSED OFFICER.

A FRAGMENT.

HE was in a military dreſs;—his figure, his face, and his walk evinced the gentleman—yet poverty contracted his countenance, and a ſucceſſion of bluſhes which flushed in his cheek while he traverſed the coffee-room, and to which deep ſighs were the harbingers, ſhewed that his heart ſuffered.—

He, at laſt, leaned upon the bar, and whiſpered the miſtreſs of the coffee-room, a good-natured creature, and ſhe inſtantly curtſied to him with a degree of reſpect, that induced me to believe I had miſtaken the index of the officer's mind—that inſtead of ſtanding in need of a favour, notwithſtanding his appearance, he had been conferring an obligation.

On quitting the bar and taking his ſeat, the miſtreſs of the coffee-room ordered a pot of coffee and toaſt to the table where he ſat—his eyes ſparkled at the ſight, and the toaſt was devoured with a degree of avidity, that indicated not ſo much a wholeſome appetite, as the keenneſs of actual want—he ate with every mark of real hunger.

The firſt plate of toaſt being diſpatched, the miſtreſs of the coffee-room ordered a ſecond to be placed before him—but ſhe gave her orders privately, and the waiter laid it on the table with a look

a look the moſt pitiable. The officer ſeized the toaſt—the waiter wiped his eyes with his napkin; and the miſtreſs of the coffee-room, drawing up her breath, ſighed it out again in a tone ſo ſoft, ſo tender, and ſo ſweet, as harmoniſed every nerve of thoſe who heard it, into that delightful uniſon of pity, which is only felt when the finger of charity touches the ſympathetic chords of the heart.

The officer having finiſhed his breakfaſt, and taken leave of his hoſteſs at the bar, an impulſe which certainly was not curioſity, induced me to inquire after his name and ſituation. Of theſe particulars the woman was ignorant—ſhe had never ſeen him before—ſhe knew nothing of him but this—he had ordered a breakfaſt at the bar, and aſſured her he would call and pay for it at ſome future day.

Till the day arrived when he ſhould be able to pay, ſhe deſired he might conſtantly call and breakfaſt at her houſe on credit—and he is welcome, ſaid ſhe to me, though that day ſhould be the day of judgment—and when the day of judgement arrives, ſaid I, you will hear of this matter—you have done that which will ſtand in account and gain your credit in the book of fate—if your ſins are even multitudinous, your charity has covered them.

But let us ſee if ſomething more cannot be done for this poor officer—lend him, ſaid I, theſe few guineas, ſhould he call here to-morrow, as if coming from yourſelf—the next day he received the caſh,

I never heard more of my money for ſix years; at the end of that time, the miſtreſs of the coffee-room told me that Enſign ***, now a Lieutenant-Colonel, had returned from abroad—had repaid her the ſum borrowed, and given her a ring worth one hundred pounds, by way of intereſt.

On the BREED *of* WOODCOCKS.

THE breed of this bird in England, was clearly aſcertained a few days ſince in the county of Suffolk. A gentleman ſhooting in a wood belonging to Mr. Wennive, of Brittenham, in that county, fluſhed a cock, which he ſhot at and miſſed; but the bird wheeled round, and then hovered near the ſpot from whence it aroſe; this induced the gentleman to look on the ground, when he diſcovered a woodcock's neſt containing three eggs. Mr. Wennive being informed of the circumſtance, had the neſt carefully watched, and two days after the eggs were hatched, and the young, which like partridges inſtantly leave their neſt, were ſafely taken off by the old bird.

A HU-

A HUMOUROUS MISTAKE.

AN infant was lately taken to be chriſtened at Ringley chapel, in Cheſhire, when the miniſter aſked the mother to name it, who anſwered "Betty," and the young ſtranger was accordingly ſo baptized. When the parties were leaving the chapel, one of the attendants aſked the mother, whether ſhe was ſure the child was not a lad. "Hoh! dear me!" with a long interteƈtion, "ſo it is," exclaimed the latter; adding, "I mun ha' it chriſtened o'er again." Accordingly ſhe ran after the parſon, with the male Betty in her arms. The miniſter wiſely and good-humouredly told her to take the child to the clerk, and he might regiſter it in what name ſhe pleaſed. The clerk complied, and very acutely entered it, "Betty, otherwiſe Peter," adding, he cou'dn't undo what the parſon had done, but he would try to *mend* it!

Anſwer, by Serjeant Towning, of the Fivehead Volunteers, to the Rebus, by H. H. inſerted March 2.

THE initials join'd aright with care,
The prophet JOEL will appear.

*** We have received the like anſwer from Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers; R. Sellick, jun. of Tiverton; Egbert Moon, and J. Smith, of Exeter; G. England, of Lyme; W. England, of Uplyme; J. Ninnis, and J. Whitford, of St. Auſtell; J. Field, Staverton; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; William Chudleigh, of Newton Buſhel; J. R. Toulmin; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; Henricus, of Plymouth; H. B. S. of Plymouth Dock; and W. M. of Topſham.

Anſwer, by T. Taylor, of Bridgewater, to the Enigma, inſerted March 2.

THE brittle GLASS, I have no doubt,
Will plainly make the enigma out.

Similar anſwers have been received from H. Humphries, J. Smith, and L. H. of Exeter; P. Ninnis, of St. Auſtell; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; J. Field, of Staverton; and J. Ninnis, of St. Agnes.

A REBUS, *by E. Penney, of Aſhburton.*

O May my firſt throughout the world
Remain for ever pure!
And teach us what for Adam's race
Our Saviour did endure.

And may my ſecond, diſmal name,
Be baniſh'd from each breaſt!
O God inſpire our hearts and minds.
To ſeek eternal reſt.

O God! thou art my third, and juſt
To all our ſinful race;
And promiſes, to them that ſeek,
Thy aid and ſovereign grace.

O grant thy mercy to my laſt,
Let wars and battles ceaſe?
That men may join in holy love,
And everlaſting peace.

The whole will ſhow a worthy name,
Of England's gen'rous blood;
And whom a noble hero ſtiles,
"The gallant and the good."

Who nobly for his country fell,
"Whilſt cheering of his men;"
But hold—my praiſes are too weak,
I here muſt drop my pen.

A REBUS, *by J. Squance, of Exeter.*

A Well-known fruit firſt bring to view,
Which oft appears in lovely hue;
A well-known tree you next muſt tell,
Which our brave ſailors know full well;
When Cupid throws his fatal dart,
I hope my next will ne'er depart;
As ſure as ever we were born
Unto my next we muſt return;
An inſtrument you'll next declare,
That ſound melodious to the ear;
A kingdom next you muſt relate,
That is united to our ſtate;
A well-known fruit I pray diſcover,
Of which I am myſelf a lover;
A well-known thing next bring to light,
Which oft appears unto your ſight;
And when this mortal life is o'er,
I hope I ſhall my laſt explore.

The initials join, ye youths of fame,
A well-known bird you then will name.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

The FAREWELL.

Written on leaving the School at Tiverton, in December, 1800.

AS when th' adventurous ſwain (who doom'd to roam,
Far from his country, and his native home,)
Stops, as he gains the neighb'ring common's height,
To bid farewell to ſcenes of paſt delight,
And, as he ſtands in penſive ſadneſs, ſees
The cottage thatch emerging 'twixt the trees,
Where he full oft, with many an urchin wild,
In childiſh ſports the vacant hours beguil'd,
And where he liſten'd to the learned lore
Of his fond parent, ſeated by the door
Which, underneath an antique porch was plac'd,
With circling ivy and the woodbine grac'd.
Here, as he turns from this ſad, pleaſing ſcene,
Oft he returns and looks, and looks and turns again,
Till the lov'd object, length'ning from his view,
Bids to his penſive mind the laſt adieu.

Thus I, O Blundell! ever ſacred name!
High on the liſts of her reſounding fame,
Who, by the god, Apollo, led, didſt raiſe
Thy laſting monument of public praiſe;
Whilſt he, with muſes nine, did here tranſport
The lovely beauties of his ancient court,
Hither he fix'd the Heliconian hill,
And at its foot the Pegaſean rill,
Where, in majeſtic grandeur, ſtands thy dome,
Which wiſdom, wand'ring wiſdom, made her home,
Here blended, aid the youth's poetic fire,
Minerva's wiſdom, and Apollo's lyre,
As hence, ere morning dawn'd, my ſteed I turn'd
To part with ſcenes like theſe I ſilent mourn'd;
But, as I gain'd the neighb'ring hill, the ſun,
In fiery luſtre, had his courſe begun;
Here then I ſtopp'd, with eager eye to find
The lovely ſpot imprinted on my mind;
Hence I beheld the ſacred temple's ſpire,
By Sol emblazon'd, as with ſtreaks of fire,
Which o'er the rook'ry trees aſcending high,
Seem'd hence t' approach the limits of the ſky;
And, 'twixt the trees, the moſs-grown roof I view'd,
Which to my mind each youthful act renew'd;
For here, the vacant hours, in jocund play,
Or buſy labour, ſmoothly paſs'd away;
Here I improv'd beneath th' inſtructive care
Of him* who taught me wiſdom's gifts to ſhare;
Who from my mind eras'd the faults of youth,
Who taught me learning, and who taught me truth;
To thee I owe this gratitude ſincere,
Who bad'ſt me wiſdom love, and God revere;

Friend

* The Rev. J. Ley.

Friend of my youth! director of my ſoul!
Thy precepts ſtill ſhall guide me, ſtill controul.

Short was the time, O aged ſeer!* that I
Further improv'd beneath thy watchful eye,
Ere thou, with honours crown'd, our manſion left.
Of thee, at once of every friend bereft;
Nor let me here preſume thy fame to raiſe,
Thou'rt all that tongue can tell, or pen can praiſe;
Whilſt thou preſided, ever lov'd and fear'd,
Now thou art gone, reſpected and rever'd;
With thee Apollo and the muſes fled,
And gloomy darkneſs round our manſion ſpread;
'Till (as the ſun from out a miſty ſhow'r
Shines forth tranſlucent with ſuperior pow'r)
Thou† thro the gloom in brighteſt glory ſhone—
At once the gloom, the dark'ning gloom was gone.
Minerva led thee o'er her land to rule,
The ſeat of ſcience, her beloved ſchool;
'Twas ſhe unſeen preſided at thy choice,
'Twas ſhe that gave for thee her caſting voice;
With thee returned Apollo and his train,
Deſirous round thy perſon to remain.

But ſurely they had err'd on that dread hour
Decoy'd from thee by ſome malignant pow'r,
When—but 'tis painful mis'ry's tale to hear,
That tale which merits pity's ſoothing tear;
For thee in pain, each joyful heart was ſad;
For thee reſtor'd, each ſorrowing heart was glad;
For thee our pray'rs to Heaven we preferr'd,
And by the All-gracious Pow'r our pray'rs were heard.
O thou wert was all my pleaſure, thou my guide,
In thee I glory, and in thee I pride;
Thy love, ſweet ſtudy! all my time engag'd,
And by thy praiſe was ev'ry grief aſſwag'd.

Still may my brother prove thy conſtant care,
And by his merit thy juſt praiſes ſhare.
May he, amidſt thy ever-ſmiling train,
On thee attend, thy favours to obtain;
Favours for which his brother ſought to pleaſe,
In every form, with unaffected eaſe.
But thou proceed to form each youthful mind,
By wiſdom, virtue, truth, and love refin'd;
While ſtill thy precepts in thy pupils ſhine,
And ev'ry friend to ev'ry muſe is thine.

W. C.

Kenton, in Devon, April 29, 1801.

* The. Rev. R. Keats. † The Rev. W. Richards.

Lines addreſſed to a Lady, occaſioned by her rebuking the Author for his Inattention.

WHEN Angelina breath'd the mild rebuke,
A ſoftening ſweetneſs play'd on every look;
So gently fell each accent from her tongue,
It ſeem'd a ſacred veſper ſweetly ſung;
Enchantment, not conviction's hand levere,
Wip'd from th' offending eye the conſcious tear,
While purer ſouls, by no wrong impulſe driv'n,
Might have offended, to be thus forgiv'n.

LEONARDO.